

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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A SERIAL STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VII. THE SHATTERING OF THE IDOL.

THE fact that his nieces had actually left the shelter of his roof, although, as he had hitherto believed, that result had been brought about by their own wilfulness and impatience of control, came upon Mr. Creswell with almost stunning force. True, Marian had mentioned to him that it was impossible that she and the girls could ever live together in amity—true, that he himself had on more than one occasion been witness of painful scenes between them—true, that the girls' departure had been talked of for a week past as an expected event, and that the preparations for it lay before his eyes; but he had not realised the fact; his mind was so taken up with the excitement of the coming election contest, that he had scarcely noticed the luggage through which he had occasionally to thread his way, or, if he had noticed it, had regarded its presence there as merely a piece of self-assertion on the part of impetuous Maud or silly Gertrude, determined to show, foolish children as they were, that they were not to be put down by Marian's threats, but were ready to start independently whenever such a step might become necessary. That Marian would ever allow them to take this step, Mr. Creswell never imagined; he thought there had always been smouldering embers of warfare, needing but a touch to burst into a blaze, between his wife and his nieces; he knew that they had never "hit it," as he phrased it; but his opinion of Marian was so high, and his trust in her so great, that he could not believe she

would be sufficiently affected by these "women's tiffs" as to visit them with such disproportionate punishment. Even in the moment of adieu, when Gertrude, making no attempt to hide her tears, had sobbingly kissed him and clung about his neck, and Maud, less demonstrative, but not less affectionate, had prayed God bless him in a broken voice—she passed Mrs. Creswell with a grave bow, taking no notice of Marian's extended hand—the old man could scarcely comprehend what was taking place, but looked across to his wife, hoping she would relent, and with a few affectionate words wish the girls a pleasant visit to London, but bid them come back soon to their home.

But Marian never moved a muscle, standing there, calm and statuesque, until the door had closed upon them and the carriage had rolled away; and then the first sound that issued from her lips was a sigh of relief that, so far, her determination had been fulfilled without much overt opposition, and without any "scene." Not that she was by any means satisfied with what she had done; she had accomplished so much of her purpose as consisted in removing the girls from their uncle's home, but instead of their being reduced in social position thereby—which, judging other people, as she always did, by her own standard, she imagined would be the greatest evil she could inflict upon them—she found her plans had been attended with an exactly opposite result. The entrance into society, which she had so long coveted, and which she had hoped to gain by her husband's election, not merely now seemed dim and remote, owing to the strong possibility of Mr. Creswell's failure, but would now be open to Maud and Gertrude, through the introduction of this Lady

Caroline Mansergh, of whose high standing, even amongst her equals, Marian had heard frequently from Mr. Gould, her one link with the great world. This was a bitter blow; but it was even worse to think that this introduction had been obtained for the girls through the medium of Walter Joyce—the man she had despised and rejected on account of his poverty and social insignificance, and who now not merely enjoyed himself, but had apparently the power of dispensing to others, benefits for which she sighed in vain. Now, for the first time, she began to appreciate the estimation in which Walter was held by those whose esteem was worth having. Hitherto she had only thought that the talent for “writing” which he had unexpectedly developed had made him useful to a political party, who, availing themselves of his services in a time of need, gave him the chance of establishing himself in life; but so far as position was concerned, he seemed to have already had, and already to have availed himself of, that chance; for here was the sister of an earl, a woman of rank and acknowledged position, eager to show her delight in doing him service! “And that position,” said Marian to herself, “I might have shared with him! Marriage with me would not have sapped his brain or lessened any of those wonderful qualities which have won him such renown. To such a man a career is always open, and a career means not merely sufficient wealth, but distinction and fame. And I rejected him—for what?”

These reflections and others of similar import formed a constant subject for Marian's mental exertion, and invariably left her a prey to discontent and something very like remorse. The glamour of money-possession had faded away; she had grown accustomed to all it had brought her, and was keenly alive to what it had not brought her, and what she had expected of it—pleasant society, agreeable friends, elevated position. In her own heart she felt herself undervaluing the power of great riches, and thinking how much better was it to have a modest competence sufficient for one's wants, sufficient to keep one from exposure to the shifts and pinches of such poverty as she had known in her early life, when combined with a position in life which gave one the chance of holding one's own amongst agreeable people, rather than to be the Croesus gaped at by wondering yokels, or capped to by favour-seeking tenants. A few months before, such thoughts would have been esteemed almost

blasphemous by Marian; but she held them now, and felt half inclined to resent on her husband his ignorant and passive share in the arrangement which had substituted him for Walter Joyce.

That was the worst of all. After Maud and Gertrude Creswell left Woolgreaves, an unseen but constantly present inmate was added to the household, who sat between husband and wife, and whispered into their ears alternately. His name was Doubt, and to Mr. Creswell he said—“What has become of all those fine resolutions which you made on your brother Tom's death?—resolutions about taking his children under your roof, and never losing sight of them until they left as happy brides? Where are they now? Those resolutions have been broken, have they not? The girls, Tom's daughters— orphan daughters, mind—have been sent away from what you had taught them to look upon as their home—sent away on some trivial excuse of temper—and where are they now? You don't know!—you, the uncle, the self-constituted guardian—positively don't know where they are! You have had her address given you, of course, but you cannot imagine the place, for you have never seen it; you cannot picture to yourself the lady with whom they are said to be staying, for you never saw her, and, until your wife explained who she was, you had scarcely even heard of her. Your wife! Ah! that is a pleasant subject! You've found her all that you expected, have you not? So clever, clear-headed, bright, and, withal, so docile and obedient? Yet she it was who quarrelled with your nieces, and told you that either she or they must leave your house. She it was who saw them depart with delight, and who never bated one jot of her satisfaction when she noticed, as she cannot have failed to notice, your emotion and regret. Look back into the past, man—think of the woman who was your trusted helpmate in the old days of your poverty and struggle!—think of her big heart, her indomitable courage, her loving womanly nature, beaming ever more brightly when the dark shadows gathered round your lives!—think of her, man, compare her with this one, and see the difference!”

And to Marian the dim personage said—“You, a young woman, handsome, clever, and with a lover who worshipped you, have bartered yourself away to that old man sitting there—for what? A fine house, which no one comes to see—carriages, in which you ride to a dull country town to receive

the bows of a dozen shopkeepers, and drive home again—hawbuck servants, who talk against you as they talk against every one, but always more maliciously against any one whom they have known in a different degree of life—and the title of the squire's lady! You are calculated to enjoy life which you will never behold, and to shine in society to which you will never be admitted. You wanted money, and now you have it, and how much good has it done you? Would it not have been better to have waited a little, just a little, not to have been quite so eager to throw away the worshipping lover, who has done so well, as it has turned out, and who is in every way but ill replaced by the old gentleman sitting there?"

The promptings of the dim presence worked uncomfortably on both the occupants of Woolgreaves, but they had the greatest effect on the old gentleman sitting there. With the departure of the girls, and the impossibility which attended his efforts to soften his wife's coldness and do away with the vindictive feeling which she entertained towards his nieces, Mr. Creswell seemed to enter on a new and totally different sphere of existence. The bright earnest man of business became doddering and vague, his cheery look was supplanted by a worn, haggard, fixed regard; his step, which had been remarkably elastic and vigorous for a man of his years, became feeble and slow, and he constantly sat with his hand tightly pressed on his side, as though to endeavour to ease some gnawing pain. A certain amount of coldness and estrangement between him and Marian, which ensued immediately after his nieces' departure, had increased so much as entirely to change the ordinary current of their lives; the pleasant talk which he used to originate, and which she would pursue with such brightness and earnestness as to cause him the greatest delight, had dwindled down into a few careless inquiries on her part, and meaningless replies from him; and the evenings, which he had looked forward to with such pleasure, were now passed in almost unbroken silence.

One day Mr. Gould, the election agent, arrived from London at Brocksopp, and, without going into the town, ordered the fly which he engaged at the station to drive him straight to Woolgreaves. On his arrival there he asked for Mrs. Creswell. The servant, who recognised him, and knew his business—what servant at houses which we are in the habit of frequenting does not know our business and all about

us, and has his opinion, generally unfavourable, of us and our affairs?—doubted whether he had heard aright, and replied that his master had gone to Brocksopp, and would be found either at the mills or at his committee-rooms. But Mr. Gould renewed his inquiry for Mrs. Creswell, and was conducted by the wondering domestic to that lady's boudoir. The London agent, always sparse of compliments, spoke on this occasion with even more than usual brevity.

"I came to see you to-day, Mrs. Creswell, and not your husband," said he; "as I think you are more likely to comprehend my views, and to offer me some advice."

"Regarding the election, Mr. Gould?"

"Regarding the election, of course. I want to put things in a clear light to you, and, as you're a remarkably clear-headed woman—oh no, I never flatter, I don't get time enough—you'll be able to turn 'em in your mind, and think what's best to be done. I should have made the communication to your husband six months ago, but he's grown nervous and fidgety lately, and I'd sooner have the advantage of your clear brain."

"You are very good—do you think Mr. Creswell's looking ill?"

"Well—I was going to say you mustn't be frightened, but that's not likely—you're too strong minded, Mrs. Creswell. The fact is, I do see a great difference in the old—I mean Mr. Creswell—during the last few weeks, and not only I, but the people too."

"You mean some of the electors?"

"Yes, some of his own people, good staunch friends! They say they can't get anything out of him now, can't pin him to a question. He used to be clear and straightforward, and now he wanders away into something else, and sits mumchance and doesn't answer any questions at all."

"And you have come to consult me about this?"

"I've come to say to you that this won't do at all. He is pledged to go to the poll, and he must go, cheerily and pleasantly, though there is no doubt about it that we shall get an awful thrashing."

"You think so?"

"I'm sure so. We were doing very well at first, and Mr. Creswell is very much respected and all that, and he would have beat that young What's-his-name—Bokenham—without very much trouble. But this Joyce is a horse of a different colour. Directly he started the current seemed to turn. He's a good-looking fellow, and

they like that; and a self-made man, and they like that; and he speaks capitally, tells 'em facts which they can understand, and they like that. He has done capitally from the first, and now they've got up some story—Harrington did that, I fancy, young Harrington acting for Potter and Fyfe, very clever fellow—they've got up some story that Joyce was jilted some time ago by the girl he was engaged to, who threw him over because he was poor, or something of that sort, I can't recollect the details, and that has been a splendid card with the women; they are insisting on their husbands' voting for him, so that altogether we're in a bad way."

"Do you think Mr. Creswell will be defeated, Mr. Gould? You'll tell me honestly, of course!"

"It's impossible to say until the day, quite impossible, my dear Mrs. Creswell; but I'm bound to confess it looks horribly like it. By what I understand from Mr. Croke, who wrote to me the other day, Mr. Creswell has given up attending public meetings, and that kind of thing, and that's foolish, very foolish!"

"His health has been anything but good lately, and——"

"I know, and of course his spirits have been down also! But he must keep them up, and he must go to the poll, even if he's beaten."

"And the chances of that are, you think, strong?"

"Are, I fear, very strong! However, something might yet be done if he were to do a little house-to-house canvassing in his old bright spirits. But in any case, Mrs. Creswell, he must stick to his guns, and we look to you to keep him there!"

"I will do my best," said Marian, and the interview was at an end.

As the door closed behind Mr. Gould, Marian flung herself into an easy chair, and the bitter tears of rage welled up into her eyes. So, it was destined that this man was to cross her path to her detriment for the rest of her life. Oh, what terrible shame and humiliation to think of him winning the victory from them, more especially after her interview with him, and the avowal of her intense desire to be successful in the matter! There could be no doubt about the result. Mr. Gould was understood, she had heard, to be in general inclined to take a hopeful view of affairs; but his verdict on the probable issue of the Brockopp election was unmistakably dolorous. What a bitter draught to swallow,

what frightful mortification to undergo! What could be done? It would be impolitic to tell Mr. Creswell of his agent's fears, and even if he were told of them, he was just the man who would more than ever insist on fighting until the very last, and would not imagine that there was any disgrace in being beaten after gallant combat by an honourable antagonist. And there was no possible way out of it, unless—Great Heaven, what a horrible thought!—unless he were to die. That would settle it; there would be no defeat for him then, and she would be left free, rich, and with the power to—— She must not think of anything so dreadful. The noise of wheels on the gravel, the carriage at the door, and her husband descending. How wearily he drags his limbs down the steps, what lassitude there is in every action, and how wan his cheeks are! He is going towards the drawing-room on the ground-floor, and she hastens to meet him there.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Very—very ill! but pleased to see you, to get back home!" This with a touch of the old manner, and in the old voice.

"Very ill, Marian, weak, and down, and depressed. I can't stand it, Marian, I feel I can't."

"What is it that seems too much for you?"

"All this worry and annoyance, this daily contact with all these horrible people! I must give it up, Marian! I must give it up!"

"You must give what up, dear?"

"This election! all the worry of it, the preliminary worry, has been nigh to kill me, and I must have no more of it!"

"Well, but think——"

"I have thought, and I'm determined, that is, if you think so too! I'll give it up, I'll retire, anything to have done with it!"

"But what will people say——?"

"What people, who have a right to say anything?"

"Your committee, I mean—those who have been working for you so earnestly and so long!"

"I don't care what they say! My health is more important than anything else—and you ought to think so, Marian!"

He spoke with a nervous irritability such as she had never previously noticed in him, and looked askance at her from under his grey eyebrows. He began to think that there might be some foundation of truth in Gertrude's out-blurted senti-

ment, that Mrs. Creswell thought of nothing in comparison with her own self-interest. Certainly her conduct now seemed to give colour to the assertion, for Marian seemed annoyed at the idea of his withdrawal from seeking a position by which she would be benefited, even where his health was concerned.

Mr. Creswell was mistaken. Marian, in her inmost heart, had hailed this determination of her husband's with the greatest delight, seeing in it, if it were carried out, an excellent opportunity for escaping the ignominy of a defeat by Walter Joyce. But after this one conversation, which she brought to a close by hinting that of course his wishes should be acted upon, but it would perhaps be better to leave things as they were, and not come to any definite conclusion for the present, she did not allude to the subject, but occupied her whole time in attending to her husband, who needed all her care. Mr. Creswell was indeed very far from well. He went into town occasionally, and, at Marian's earnest request, still busied himself a little about the affairs of the election, but in a very spiritless manner; and when he came home he would go straight to the library, and there, ensconced in an easy chair, sit for hours staring vacantly before him, the shadow of his former self. At times, too, Marian would find his eyes fixed on her, watching all her motions, following her about the room, not with the lingering loving looks of old, but with an odd furtive glance; and there was a pitiful expression about his mouth, too, at those times which was not pleasant to behold. Marian wondered what her husband was thinking of. It was a good thing that she did not know; for as he looked at her—and his heart did not refuse to acknowledge the prettiness, and the grace, and the dignity which his eyes rested on—the old man was wondering within himself what could have induced him, at his time of life, to marry again—what could have induced her, seemingly all sweetness and kindness, to take an inveterate hatred to those two poor girls, Maud and Gertrude, who had been turned out of the house, forced to leave the home which they had every right to consider theirs, and he had been too weak, too much infatuated with Marian to prevent the execution of her plans. But that should not be. He was ill then, but he would soon be better, and so soon as he found himself a little stronger he would assume his proper position, and have the girls back again. He had been giving way

too much recently, and must assert himself. He was glad now he had said nothing about giving up the election to any one save Marian, as he should certainly go on with it—it would be a little healthy excitement to him; he had suffered himself to fall into very dull, moping ways, but he would soon be all right. If he could only get rid of that odd numbing pain in the left arm, he should soon be all right.

Little Dr. Osborne was in the habit of retiring to rest at an early hour. In the old days, before his "girl" married, he liked to sit up and hear her warble away at her piano, letting himself be gradually lulled off to sleep by the music; and in later times, when his fireside was lonely and when he was not expecting any special work, he would frequently drive over to Woolgreaves, or to the Churchills at the Park, and play a rubber. But since he had quarrelled with Mrs. Creswell, since her "most disrespectful treatment of him," as he phrased it, he had never crossed the threshold at Woolgreaves, and the people at the Park were away wintering in Italy, so that the little doctor generally finished his modest tumbler of grog at half-past ten and "turned in" soon after. He was a sound sleeper, his housekeeper was deaf, and the maid, who slept up in the roof, never heard anything, not even her own snoring, so that a late visitor had a bad chance of making his presence known. A few nights after the events just recorded, however, one of Mr. Creswell's grooms attached his horse to the doctor's railings and gave himself up to performing on the bell with such energy and determination, that after two minutes a window opened and the doctor's voice was heard demanding "Who's there?"

"Sam, from Woolgreaves, doctor, wi' a note."

"From Woolgreaves!—a note! What's the matter?"

"Squire's bad, had a fit, I heerd house-keeper say, and madam she have wrote this note for you! Come down, doctor; it's marked 'mediate, madam said. Do come down!'"

"Eh?—what—Woolgreaves—had a fit—Mrs. Creswell—I'm coming!" and the window was shut, and in a few minutes Sam was shivering in the hall, while the doctor read the note by the gaslight in his surgery. "Hum!—'No doubt you'll be surprised'—should think so, indeed—'has been long ill'—thought so when I saw him in the Corn Exchange on Saturday—'just

now had some kind of frightful seizure'—poor, dear, old friend—'calls for you—in-sists on seeing you—for God's sake come'—dear me, dear me!" And the doctor wiped his honest old eyes on the back of his tattered old dressing-gown, and poured out a glass of brandy for Sam, and another for himself, and gave the groom the key of the stable, and bade him harness the pony, for he should be ready in five minutes.

The house was all aroused, lights were gleaming in the windows, as the doctor drove up the avenue, and Marian was standing in the hall when he entered. She stepped forward to meet him, but there was something in the old man's look which stopped her from putting out her hand as she had intended, so they merely bowed gravely, and she led the way to her husband's room, where she left him.

Half an hour elapsed before Dr. Osborne reappeared. His face was very grave and his eyes were red. This time it was he who made the advance. A year ago he would have put his arm round Marian's neck and kissed her on the forehead. Those days were past, but he took her hand, and in reply to her hurried question, "What do you think of him?" said, "I think, Mrs. Creswell, that my old friend is very ill. It would be useless to disguise it—very ill indeed. His life is an important one, and you may think it necessary to have another opinion"—this a little pompously said, and met with a gesture of dissent from Marian—"but in mine, no time must be lost in removing him, I should say, abroad, far away from any chance of fatigue or excitement."

"But, Dr. Osborne—the—the election!"

"To go through the election, Mrs. Creswell, would kill him at once! He would never survive the nomination day!"

"It will be a dreadful blow to him," said Marian. But she thought to herself, "Here is the chance of our escape from the humiliation of defeat by Walter Joyce! A means of evoking sympathy instead of contempt!"

AS THE CROW FLIES.

DUE EAST. SUDBURY TO LOWESTOFT.

THE crow can hardly resist a short slant flight from Ipswich to Sudbury, which lies embowered among its deep sunken green lanes in the valley of the willow Stour, which is here gay with quick wherries.

The quiet thorough English scenery in which Gainsborough delighted, is to be found all round "Subbry;" deep lanes, winding between steep fern-covered banks, and under the shade of huge elms. The ash feathers at the edge of

the swaying cornfields, and beech trees, mantled in ivy, guarding leafy ponds; the church tower, the cottage doors, the rustic children, all remind us of Gainsborough, who was born here in 1727. A wood is still shown where Gainsborough, when a child, used to play truant that he might sketch. One of his earliest efforts was to draw the face of a rustic thief, whom he had seen from behind some bushes, suspiciously eyeing a pear-tree in his (Gainsborough's) father's garden. The clever boy, reluctantly confessed to be a genius, was presently sent to London to study under Gravelot and under Hayman, the rollicking friend of Hogarth. He returned to Suffolk at eighteen, and there, while sketching the woodland scenes, fell in love with a pretty figure in the foreground, one Margaret Burt, a young Scotch lady of good family, supposed to be the natural daughter of the Pretender. The young pair left Sudbury, took a small house at Ipswich at a rent of six pounds a year, and were patronised by Philip Thicknesse, the governor of Landguard Fort, who afterwards, when the painter had the audacity to become independent, maligned him, as Walcott had also maligned his refractory protégé Opie. The governor, a great man at Ipswich, taught the young painter the violin, and gave him a thirty-guinea commission.

This picture of Landguard and the port of Harwich, being engraved by Major, gained the painter great fame; and in 1758, growing like a flower too big for his first pot, he removed to Bath, and took grand lodgings in the Circus. In spite of the alarms of his good but thrifty wife, Gainsborough now threw off the oppressive patronage of Thicknesse, and gradually pushed on his prices for a head from five guineas to eight, and for whole lengths to a hundred. He grew up a rough, humorous, intractable genius, passionately fond of music and landscape painting, but obliged to drudge at portraits to earn bread and cheese. He was always buying some new musical instrument, and trying to learn it, and he filled his house with theorbos, violins, hautboys, and viol-di-gambas. Gainsborough next removed to London, and took the Duke of Schomberg's house in Pall Mall. He had already exhibited for thirteen years in the Royal Academy, and his success was sure. Even Reynolds grew jealous at his fame. He painted the Royal Family, and that at once made him fashionable, in spite almost of himself; for he was brusque, proud, and blunt, and had no more tact than a Bozjesman. He confessed that the Duchess of Devonshire's beauty baffled his pencil, and he fairly threw up the sponge when Garrick and Foote grimaced before him. Though subject to irresistible depressions, Gainsborough was delightfully original in society, and, in the company of Johnson, Sheridan, or Burke, appeared in his best colours. The landscapes of this Suffolk painter were not popular during his life, nor did his natural and entirely ingenuous and bright village children by any means delight the mass. He died, in 1788, of cancer, arising from a cold caught at the trial of Warren Hastings. Al-

most his last words were, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company." Gainsborough's letters are the most delightful compound of simple-hearted sense and nonsense almost ever written.

Along the Suffolk coast now drifts the crow, from the Landguard sand-hills to those low gravel cliffs that reach to Bawdsey. It is the country painted for us in the Dutch manner so admirably by Crabbe.

We are bearing away for Aldborough and the sea-side haunts of George Crabbe, "the poet of nature and of truth," the simple-minded, reflective old Suffolk clergyman, who struggled upwards towards the light, and pondered so deeply and sadly over the mysteries of our poor human nature.

At Aldborough Bay a shingly beach parts the marshes of the Alde from the sea, while northward the coast, low and flat for a previous seven monotonous miles, gradually rises into cliffs of sand and shingle.

From Dunwich to Southwold the cliffs of chalk, rubble, and sand, with gravel and red loam below, tell wonderful stories of the slow changes of the earth's surface. Almost a complete coral reef exists between Aldborough and Orford. Shells of the Indian ocean are found in what was once probably the bed of the old German Ocean—the grandfather, we mean, of the present one. From it have been dug teeth of mastodons, bones of rhinoceros, teeth of bear and whale, antlers of deer, spikes of rays, and teeth of leopards and hogs. In this fluvio-marine formation, says Sir C. Lyell, about twenty species of land and freshwater shells have been discovered, and about ninety marine species; of these the proportion resembling those now living does not exceed the ratio of sixty per cent.

The Alde once entered the sea at Aldborough, but the flood tides, gradually throwing up ridges of sand and shingle, deflected the river to the south, and its ancient outlet was transferred ten miles to the south-west. An ancient sea-cliff has been left stranded and deserted far inland. The Alde now flows within two hundred yards of the coast southward, then suddenly runs parallel to the sea with strange wilfulness, and runs divided from it only by a long, narrow, fenny spit of land. At Orford the stream widens into the grandeur of an estuary. The not too lively town consists of one long street in the valley of the Slaughden, and is sheltered by a steep hill. The bay is bounded by Thorpe Point and Orfordness.

Crabbe the poet is the great name here, and his memory consecrates the dullness of a place the sea seems bent on slowly swallowing. The Crabbes are numerous both in Norfolk and Suffolk. It was a pilot named Crabbe, of Walton, who was consulted about the fleet of Edward the Third, not long before Cressy. The poet's grandfather was a collector of the customs at Aldborough, and his son George (the poet's father) kept a parish school in the porch of the church at Orford, and was afterwards pariah clerk at Norton, near Loddon,

in Norfolk. Returning to Aldborough, he became first warehouse-keeper, then collector of the salt dues. He was a man of strong, vigorous mind, renowned for business tact and powers of calculation. George Crabbe, the poet, was born in 1754; his next brother was a glazier; and the third became captain of a Liverpool slaver, and was set adrift to perish by some slaves who had mutinied; the fourth brother, also a sailor, was taken prisoner by Spaniards, and sent to Mexico, where he became a prosperous silversmith, till the priests persecuted him, and he then fled to Honduras. Aldborough was at first only a wretched cluster of small fishermen's houses, lying between the Church Cliff and the German Ocean. There were two parallel, unpaved streets running in dirty and noisome competition between rows of mean and scrambling houses; those nearest to the sea were often destroyed by storms. From a plan of the town in 1559, says the Reverend J. Ford, it appears that a range of denes then existed between the town and the sea, and that the church was then more than ten times its present distance from the shore. The beach spread in three ridges: large rolled boulders, loose shingle, and at the fall of the tide a long, yellow stripe of fine hard sand. There were vessels of all sorts lolling with pitchy sides upon the shore, from the large heavy troll boat to the yawl and prame. There were fishermen drying their brown nets or sorting their fish, and near the gloomy old town-hall a group of pilots taking their short, quick, to-and-fro walk, as if longing for the old restrictions of the narrow and rolling deck, or watching for signals in the offing. Nor was the inland landscape either grand or smiling—only open, dull, sandy, rusty commons and sterile farms, with trees rusted and stunted by the salt winds. Crabbe has painted every feature of the scene. Slaughden quay he touches like a little Vandervelde:

Here samphire banks and salt wort bound the flood,
There stakes and seaweeds withering on the mud;
And higher up a ridge of all things base,
Which some strong tide has rolled upon the place;
Yon is our quay! those smaller boys from town
Its various wares for country use bring down.

By the impetuous salt-master, the quiet, studious, awkward boy was somewhat despised. "That boy," he used to say "must turn out a fool. John, and Bob, and Will are of some use about a boat, but what will that *thing* be good for?" Crabbe was known at Aldborough as a boy of reading, and was regarded with a certain respect. One day, when a rough lad he had angered was going to thrash him, an elder boy gravely put in his veto.

"No, no, you mustn't meddle with him," he said; "let *him* alone, for he ha' got larning."

When first sent to school at Bungay, Crabbe did not yet know how to dress himself, and the first morning, in great confusion, he whispered to his bedfellow.

"Can you put on your own shirt, for—for—I'm—afraid I can't."

In this rough Suffolk school Crabbe nearly

met his death, he and other boys were being punished for playing at soldiers by being stuffed into a large dog-kennel, known as "The Black Hole." Crabbe was suffocating. In despair he bit the hand of the boy next him. There arose a cry of "Crabbe is dying!" and the sentinel not a moment too soon released the stifling boy.

On leaving school, Crabbe was apprenticed to a surgeon; and while waiting for this situation was employed by his stern father in piling cheese and butter kegs at Slaughden quay. He concluded his apprenticeship with Mr. Page, a surgeon at Woodbridge, a market town seventeen miles from Aldborough. There was a long struggle before, in 1781, Crabbe visited London, won Burke by his simple-hearted ways, took orders, became chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, and eventually at Parham, Gleinham, and Readham, devoted his tranquil life to doing good.

This quiet watering-place was first frequented about the beginning of the century by a few persons of rank, who found Hastings and Brighton too gay and restless.

A noble modern writer, who has made Suffolk the background of some of his best novels, has taken up arms gallantly in defence of the scenery of East Anglia. He contends that the county that fostered the genius of Gainsborough and Constable, and nurtured that contemplative and mournful poet, "nature's sternest painter yet the best," Crabbe, is neither flat, dull, nor monotonous. From the brow of its hillocks, the crow may, he thinks, obtain gratifying glimpses of verdant and thickly-wooded landscape, of umbrageous park, of rivers glancing from dark recesses of shade, and of peaceful church towers, grey sentinels of leafy hamlets. "As the traveller," he says, in *Crew Rise*, "gets away from the heaths on the sea-coast on the one side, or the broad open fields of 'the light lands' on the other side of the county, and works his way into what is called by the aborigines 'the garden of Suffolk,' he unceasingly comes to breaks in the high fences which border the lanes he passes through, and these openings rejoice us with the sight of some snatch of scenery that refreshes the eye." And truly the crow, cutting his swift path from Aldborough to Framlingham, does get by the way many pleasant glimpses of abbey ruins, of farmhouses built out of half demolished mansions, of snug cottages at the corners of woods, of old halls almost hidden by broad-armed oaks, and of high roads, cool and umbrageous as park avenues.

A continued series, indeed, of quiet Gainsborough landscapes surround Framlingham, the old town of the Iceni, standing on hilly ground near the sources of the river Ore, which falls into the sea at Oreford. Britons, Romans, Saxons, and Danes chased each other in and out of this fortified place, till at last a sort of sensible compromise was effected, and, shaking down altogether in a clubbable way, the Danes gave the good-natured place the Saxon name of *Fremdlingham* (strangers' home). The town

of the mere and the river soon became a stronghold, and Redwald, one of the earliest of the East Anglian kings, is said to have occupied the castle with his spearmen. More certain it is that King Edmund was enthroned at Framlingham, and here enjoyed some happy days of a troublous reign. After the battles of Thetford and Dunwich, the king was besieged at Framlingham by the ravenous sea robbers. The defeated monarch fled, but was pursued, shot to death with arrows, and then beheaded. His head was found under a bush at Hoxne, a small village on the Waveney, and there the martyr's body lay till it was removed to Beodrics-worth, which soon became a much-frequented shrine of special sanctity, and acquired its present name of Bury St. Edmunds.

Every place of this kind has had its culminating time of greatness up to which it rose, and after which it fell. The coronation period came to Framlingham in 1553. Young King Edward had died at Greenwich in July of that year. The moment he appeared to be dying, the crafty and ambitious Northumberland attempted to get the two princesses into his power. Mary was already within half a day's journey of the wolf's den when the Earl of Arundel sent her secret intelligence of the conspiracy. She instantly hurried to Framlingham, and gathered together an army of thirteen thousand men under its walls. The Tudor blood burned within her; her father's lion spirit asserted itself. She wrote to the chief nobles and gentlemen of England, calling on them to defend her crown and person, and to the council desiring them to proclaim her accession in London. Worst came to the worst, she could easily, on a defeat, fly to Yarmouth, and from there embark to Flanders. Nobles and yeomen flocked to her daily, and still faster came the billmen and bowmen directly they knew that she had promised not to alter the laws of good King Edward. The Earls of Bath and Sussex, the eldest sons of Lord Wharton and Lord Mordaunt, Sir William Drury, Sir Henry Benningfield, and Henry Jerningham, great Suffolk landowners, rode into Framlingham at the head of their retainers. Sir Edward Hastings brought over a small army. Northumberland's fleet, driven into Yarmouth by a storm, also declared for Mary. In the mean time poor Lady Jane Grey reigned unwillingly in the Tower. The duke (the real monarch), as he left London to join his army, said to Lord Grey:

"Many come out to look at us, but I find not one who cries, 'God speed us.'"

The moment Northumberland left London, the council quitted the Tower, and, going to Baynard's Castle near St. Paul's, proclaimed Mary queen. Suffolk surrounded the Tower, and the poor queen of a ten days' reign returned to her quiet country life and those books which had been the dear companions of her studious youth. Northumberland, finding his army of six thousand men rapidly disbanding, laid down his arms at Bury St. Edmunds. Mary soon after entered London in triumph, and was welcomed by her brave sister Elizabeth at the head of a

thousand horse, which she had levied. On the 22nd of August Northumberland deservedly lost his mischievous head on Tower Hill, and two of his special abettors were also executed with him. Sentence was pronounced against Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guildford, but they were so young, neither of them being seventeen, that it seemed murder to carry severity further than imprisonment. But in February of the next year Wyatt's unsuccessful march on London, with four thousand Kentish men, proved fatal to Lady Jane and her husband, who were, soon after Wyatt's defeat, executed privately on Tower Green.

In the old flint church of St. Michael at Framlingham—a fine decorated building, with a perpendicular clerestory, a very rich timber roof, and a grand tower ninety feet high—there are some interesting monuments of the Norfolk family. On the south side of the chancel is the effigy of that Thomas, third Duke of Norfolk, who led our English knights and archers at Flodden to the slaughter of ten thousand Scotchmen and their chivalrous, hot-blooded King James. That heavy blow stopped the inroads of our warlike neighbours for many a day; yet, after all, the dogs of war were “*scotched*, not killed;” and in Charles's time the Lowlanders and Highlanders were down on us again, till Cromwell beat them small as dust at Dunbar, and scattered them like chaff before the wind. On the north side of Framlingham chancel rests the counterfeit of the poet Earl of Surrey—he and his countess, the successful rival of the fair Geraldine (who was born here), rest hand in hand unchangeably on a tomb erected 1617. It has never been discovered who the Geraldine really was to whom he addressed his sonnets. Horace Walpole tried to prove it was Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, but she was only a child (twelve or thirteen) when those verses were written. Surrey, though not a genius, was useful to our succeeding poets; for he transplanted for us the Italian sonnets and introduced blank verse.

Near the Earl of Surrey rests that friend with whom he was brought up, and to whom he alludes in his poem, “The Prisoner at Windsor,” Henry, the Duke of Richmond, the bastard son of Henry the Eighth, who married Mary, a sister of the Earl. There are also here effigies of Mary Fitzalan and Margaret Audley, first and second wives of Thomas, the fourth Duke of Norfolk, beheaded in 1572.

On to Southwold, the centre of later history and of many old sea legends of the great wars with the Dutch, that ensanguined the North Sea and the east coast all through the reckless reign of Charles the Second. Southwold is the wreck of a larger town destroyed by fire in April, 1659, and was once the rival of Dunwich. This latter place was the abode of East Anglian kings and of prelates also, till the sea became part of the diocese of Norwich. It formerly boasted eight churches, besides convents, hospitals, and a chantry. It

was so wealthy a place, indeed, that when Richard Cœur-de-Lion fined the East Anglian ports for supplying his enemies with corn, Ipswich and Yarmouth only paid two hundred marks each, while Dunwich paid one thousand and sixty marks. An inundation of the sea eventually destroyed the town, now a mere cluster of sloping cornfields round some grey monastic ruins. The King's Holm, tradition says, was buried under a flood of shingle, and the Cock-and-Hen hills were at the same time washed away with all the chief buildings of the town.

The coast between Dunwich and Southwold is flat, and terraced with shingle. The low coast line with level pastures and dykes behind is broken only by the tall tower of Walberswick and the rounded height that terminates Solebay. At the mouth of the Blythe long timber piles stretch out to form a port, while a broad tongue of shingle spreads across the entrance, and through the neck so narrowed the tide runs in furiously. The inland scenery is Dutch in character. The meadows are surrounded by high banks, on the tops of which run the paths, and the common lands are under the charge of “fen reeves.” The town once depended on its trade with Iceland for ling, but the Southwold fishermen (one hundred boats or so) now depend on the catching of soles and shrimps, and on the visitors, who are attracted by the breezy crags and the dry healthy gravel on which the houses are built. The fishermen congregate on the outer side of the bluff, round their two shelter sheds, watching the boatbuilders, smoking beside the capstans, or on clear nights trying to make out Orford light. There are two government batteries (twelve eighteen-pounders) at Eyecliff, where the Danes once had a fort, and at Gunhill is a battery of six old-fashioned guns taken at Preston by the Pretender, and re-captured at Culloden. The Duke of Cumberland gave them to the town. The temperature of Southwold is so mild that it is always honoured by the earliest arrival and latest departure of that distinguished visitor of ours—the swallow. Amber and jet are dredged up here, and cornelians and agates hide themselves among the vulgar pebbles of the beach. Beyond Southwold the crow discerns new features of the Suffolk coast scenery in the Broadlands (as at Euston and Covehithe), where large sheets of water collect near the shore, and after heavy rains are allowed to escape by sluices into the sea.

Rough paths through scrub, rushes, and sea holly, over a rugged beach strewn with lumps of shelly red crag, then shingle and sand hills, low cliffs covered with fern and heath, hollows of loose sand, and bluffs honeycombed by sand martins, guide the crow to Solebay. On the calm blue waters, under these silent cliffs, took place on May 2nd, 1672, a tremendous naval battle, when sixty-five English sail, commanded by the Duke of York, encountered thirty-five French men-of-war under the Count d'Étrées, and ninety-one Dutch

vessels led by the famous De Ruyter. He and Tromp had tormented and insulted us long enough, and we owed him and Van Ghent one for having in 1667 taken Sheerness, sailed up the Medway, and burnt six men-of-war. The Dutch, too, had had their wrongs; and they were savage with us for having tried so hard to swoop down on their Smyrna fleet and its two millions of treasure. They were stolid dogged old enemies, who had learned to disregard our self-assumed sovereignty of the seas, and they took a good deal of "punishment." De Wit was eager to give us a final crippling blow at sea and leave him free to pour the musketeers of Utrecht and Guelderland on the French, who under Turenne and Condé were then taking and subduing Holland, town by town, and preparing for the famous passage of the Rhine. Pepys's friend, the Earl of Sandwich, had warned the duke of the danger of being netted in Southwold Bay, where the Dutch fire-ships could have burnt us like so many chips in a grate. The duke (never very sweet tempered) replied to the earl's cautions by a sneer at his timidity. The taunts rankled in the earl's soul, and he resolved to conquer or perish. The moment the Dutch appeared, closing their nets in upon us, he bore out of the bay to give the duke and the French admiral time to debouche, and went straight at the enemy like a mad lion. He killed our old foe Van Ghent, and beat off his ship after a furious fight. He then sank a Dutch man-of-war and three fire-ships that grappled with him. His own vessel was now shattered and pierced, and two-thirds of his nine hundred men were killed or wounded, yet he still continued to blaze at the enemy till a third fire-ship closed upon him, and refusing to escape, he then perished fighting to the last. Nor was the duke all this time idle. He bore down on De Ruyter, and hammered at him for two hours till night came. Two-and-thirty battles the grey old Dutch veteran had fought, but never, he declared, so hard a one as this. In the morning the Duke of York (certainly not a Nelson) thought it prudent to retire. The Dutch, though disabled, beginning, however, to harass his retreat, he turned on them, and renewed the fight, while Sir Joseph Jordan, who led our van, got the weather gauge of De Ruyter, who then fairly fled, pursued by the duke to the coast of Holland. We were close at his rear, and only a timely Dutch fog saved fifteen of his leaky and lagging vessels. The French took little part in the fray, their captains being instructed by Louis the Fourteenth to leave the English and the Dutch to fight it out between them. The French, however, lost two ships and their rear admiral; we six ships (one taken, two burned, three sunk) and two thousand men. The Dutch lost three large vessels. It was not much of a victory, that must be confessed, and far unlike the tremendous overthrow of the Dutch by Monk in 1653, when Van Tromp perished. It is a curious fact about this battle of Solebay that the sound of the cannonading was heard thirty miles. The Earl of Ossory, then at

Euston, eight miles north of Bury St. Edmunds, hearing the firing, instantly took horse and galloped the thirty miles to join the fleet.

But this story is quite surpassed by a Cambridge tradition of Newton. In June, 1666—those three days that the English and Dutch fleets were incessantly wrangling and fighting between the Naze and the North Foreland, distant at least seventy miles from Cambridge—Newton, then a Bachelor of Arts at Trinity, and just commencing his optical discoveries, came one day into the hall and told the fellows that a battle was being fought between the Dutch and the English, and that the latter were having the worst of it. He had been studying, he said, in the observatory over the gateway, and had there heard the vibration of cannon. It seemed to grow louder as it came nearer our coast; he therefore concluded that we had had the worst of it. A recent writer on Solebay quotes the following fine old naval ballad:

I cannot stay to name the names
Of all the ships that fought with James,
Their number or their tonnage;
But this I say, the noble host
Right gallantly did take its post,
And cover'd all the hollow coast
From Walderswyck to Dunwich.
Well might you hear their guns I guess
From Sizewell Gap to Easton ness.
The show was rare and sightly:
They batter'd without let or stay
Until the evening of that day—
'Twas then the Dutchmen ran away,
The Duke had beat them tightly.
Of all the battles gained at sea,
This was the rarest victory
Since Philip's grand Armada.
I will not name the rebel Blake;
He fought for Roundhead Cromwell's sake,
And yet was forced three days to take
To quell the Dutch bravado.
So now we've seen them take to flight—
This way and that where'er they might,
To windward or to leeward.
Here's to King Charles, and here's to James,
And here's to all the captains' names,
And here's to all the Suffolk dames,
And here's to the house of Stuart.

Up the Waveney now for the crow; Waveney, "the waving water" of the Saxons, the stream that winds through broad green tranquil meadows spotted red with cattle, and past rusby flats and draining mills, and rows of poplars, and heathy slopes, and patches of fir, and golden swaying oceans of corn, with towers and spires for distant landmarks. Bungay "le bon Eye" (the beautiful island) we strike for, a sleepy old East Anglian town, with a round-towered church, and old flint walls of Hugh Bigod's Castle that are now embowered in the "King's Head" gardens. Hugh Bigod was one of those proud barons who rebelled against Henry the Second. It was in 1174 that the King sent for Hugh Bigod, and the story still lives in a ballad. The very old chant (so old it can hardly go alone) says:

The king has sent for Bigod bold,
In Essex whereat he lay;
But Lord Bigod laughed at his pursuivant,
And stoutly thus did say,

Accor-
town

"Were I in my castle of Bungay
Upon the river of Waveney,
I would not care for the King of Cokenay
Nor all his bravery."

The Bailly he rode, and the Bailly he ran,
To catch the gallant Lord Hugh,
But for every mile the Bailly rode,
The Earl he rode more than two.

When the Bailly had ridden to Bramfield oak,
Sir Hugh was at Ilksale bower,
When the Bailly had ridden to Holsworth cross,
He was singing in Bungay tower.

We regret, however, to state that the bold Bigod, spite of all his bragging and his five hundred soldiers from Framlingham, proved dunghill at last, and instead of replying to the king with arrows and crossbow bolts, craftily capitulated after the following unworthy manner. When the king arrived,

Sir Hugh took threescore sacks of gold
And flung them over the wall,
Says, "Go your way in the devil's name,
Yourself and your merry men all;
But leave me my castle of Bungay
Upon the river of Waveney,
And I'll pay my shot to the King of Cokenay."

St. Mary's church at Bungay once formed part of a Benedictine nunnery, founded by Roger de Glanvil and his Countess Gundridda, in the reign of Henry the Second, that very reign in which Bigod was besieged by the King of Cockayne. In Edward the First's time, this nunnery contained a prioress and fifteen religious sisters, but at the Dissolution there were only seven nuns there living on a yearly income of sixty-two pounds two shillings and fourpence. Henry the Eighth gave this nunnery to the Duke of Norfolk. It was upon this same St. Mary's church that a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning broke, August 4, 1577. Several persons were struck. In this same awful storm—which burst out between nine and ten A.M., during divine service, which was earlier in those days than now—forty persons were struck down by lightning at the church in the adjoining village of Blythburgh. The superstition of the Suffolk people was roused to the utmost by this falling of fire from heaven, and some excited imaginations declared they saw between the flashes a huge black dog, of Satanic origin, rush down the aisle and gripe one person in the back, and wring the necks of two others. The Waveney, at Bungay, is the boundary of Norfolk and Suffolk, and the small barges upon its waters bring from and carry into Suffolk stores of corn, malt, flour, coal, and lime. Bungay, quiet and even sleepy as it is now, has had its deep sorrows and its stormy troubles. In March, 1688 (James the Second), an irresistible fire destroyed, in four hours only, the church, the market cross, and four hundred houses, leaving only one small street and a few cottages standing.

On to Lowestoft, that first

Of all old England's busy towns, uplifts
Its orisons and greets the rising morn.

According to Mr. Walcott, the name of the town in Domesday was Lothar-Wistoft, that

is, the toft or cluster of houses by the Loth (low) river, and he supposes that Lothar and Irling, the Danes, after the conquest of Essex, in 1047, established a station here to receive Danish colonists. The old Danish fishing town, on which a modern watering place has engrafted itself, stands on an eminence backed by hills and with broad sands at its feet. Below the houses on the brow of the ridge, hanging gardens slope to the alluvial land lying between Lake Lothing and the sea. Beyond this flat land the ground rises at Kirkley into another line of cliffs, which stretch along the Suffolk coast, broken through here and there by rivers. The beach along the shore is a strip of shingle, from which runs the great shoal called the Fiskefield Flats, probably submerged land; but the sands of the denes, in front of Lowestoft, are never overflowed. The flood-stream and the ebb-tide have both scooped out bays and formed shoals of the displaced material.

The legends of Lowestoft are chiefly of a naval and piscatorial kind. In the Civil War times the Cavaliers of Lowestoft were always privateering against Yarmouth, and the cliffs between the rival towns were constantly vibrating to the sound of their cannons. There has, indeed, always been a jealousy between the two places, and it existed even in the times of old Potter (1789—1804), the worthy and learned vicar of Lowestoft, gratefully known to us in our school days for those flowery translations of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, handy "cribs" much resorted to by "first-form" boys. Old Potter was jealous for the honour of Lowestoft, and when the primate of those days once wrote to him, and addressed the letter "Lowestoft, near Yarmouth," the vicar expostulated in his grand and flowing manner: "The next time your grace will be pleased to write simply Lowestoft. Lowestoft does not want Yarmouth for a direction post, for Lowestoft was ere Yarmouth rose out of the azure main."

The Swan Inn on the east side of High-street is still pointed out as the head-quarters of Cromwell in 1644. Short as that visit was, the bronze face, the plain steel corselet, and the simple, soldierly dress will always haunt the memory of Lowestoft. The fishing people here were always proud of their sea trophies; formerly at weddings, rows of ship flags used to be hung across the streets, and some of these had been captured by Arnold, a Lowestoft man, from the Royal Philip, a Spanish man-of-war. Close by Lowestoft at Barsham rectory house, Catherine, Lord Nelson's mother, was born, 1725. Admiral Sir Thomas Allin, who, in the time of the Commonwealth, snapped up the rich Smyrna fleet, was a Lowestoft man; and from the same part of the coast came also those two brave seamen, Sir John Ashby and Sir Andrew Leake: the latter, "the handsome captain," admired by Queen Anne, who assisted Rooke in the taking of Gibraltar from the Spaniards (1704). He was desperately wounded in an action off

Malaga, but would not go below, and sat erect and grand in his cocked hat and gold-laced coat, and kept his post in an arm-chair on his quarter-deck till he saw the shattered sails of the enemy fade back into the smoke. Then he arose, smiled, and fell dead. There is a monument to this resolute old warrior in the chequered flint-work church of Saint Margaret. The same church contains monuments of old "Crib" Potter (bless him!), of John Tanner, who edited the *Monasticon* of his learned and ponderous brother, the Bishop of St. Asaph; of Lord Chief Justice Holt; and of poor heretical Whiston, the heterodox Holborn rector and the suspected professor of mathematics at Cambridge. Whiston was vicar here from 1698 to 1702. Swift wrote terrible verses upon him, and held him up to the most scathing ridicule, but he really seems to have been only a clever, eccentric, wrong-headed enthusiast, always doing odd and mistaken things.

But the greatest event of which Lowestoft ever was a witness was the great pounding match between the English and Dutch fleets in June, 1665. The Duke of York, Rupert, the Earl of Sandwich, Penn, Ayscough, and Lawson led our grand fleet of one hundred and fourteen ships of war, not including fire-ships and ketches. The Dutch had only one hundred sail; but then they were led by Opdam and Van Tromp, and their presence was worth twenty frigates. We lost only one vessel. The Dutch, bleeding and beaten, hauled off eventually to the Texel, with a loss of eighteen ships taken and fourteen burnt or sunk. It was a glorious victory; Pepys, proud of his patron, the Earl of Sandwich, says the Dutch neglected the opportunity of the wind, and so lost the benefit of their fire-ships. It was very hot in the duke's ship, the *Royal Charles*, where one and the same shot killed the Earl of Falmouth, Muskerry, and Sir Richard Boyle (the Earl of Burlington's second son). It was reported that Mr. Boyle's head struck down the duke, who was covered with his blood and brains. We lost about seven hundred men, the Dutch eight thousand. At this very time the Plague had just broken out in London, and, indeed, only the day before the entry of this victory, Pepys says:

"The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury-lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord have mercy upon us' writ there, in 'which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw.'"

The Lowestoft two-masted luggers are famous in the North Sea. The town boasts some twenty-five luggers and fifty "half-and-half" boats. In 1802 the Lowestoft men caught thirty thousand mackerel; in 1853 seven hundred and fifty thousand in only ten weeks. They were valued at ten thousand pounds. It is calculated that the nets of the Lowestoft and Yarmouth fishermen, if placed in a straight line, would reach two hundred miles. The herring fishery commences on this east coast

a fortnight before Michaelmas, and it lasts to Martinmas.

The prosperity of Lowestoft commenced in 1827, when Mr. Cubitt began operations to form Lake Lothing, with its one hundred and sixty acres to the south-west, into an inner harbour and part of a ship canal to Norwich. Before that, a rampart of sand had formed between Lake Lothing and the sea, and at times the lowlands used to be flooded, and the bridge at Mutford, two miles from the coast, to be carried away by the spring tides. In 1831 the works were completed at a cost of eighty-seven thousand pounds, and the river Waveney re-wedded to the sea. Government took possession of the harbour in 1842, in default of the liquidation of advances made for the works, and in 1844 it was sold to Mr. Peto.

The inner harbour, two miles long with three thousand feet of wharfage, will accommodate vessels of four hundred tons, and those which draw fifteen feet at any time of the tide. The railway was opened in 1847. The south pier is one thousand three hundred feet long. The north pier, devoted chiefly to the Danish cattle trade, has often sheltered five hundred sail. The dry dock cost ten thousand pounds. In 1845 there were only four hundred and ten vessels frequenting Lowestoft; in 1851 one thousand six hundred and thirty-six vessels of one hundred and thirty-three thousand nine hundred and fourteen tons entered the harbour. The town now boasts one thousand six hundred houses and a population of more than six thousand seven hundred and eighty-one persons. The herring curing-houses are on the Denes, the sands at the foot of the cliffs. In the north and south roads seven hundred sail are sometimes seen at anchor, sheltered by the Corton and Newcome sand-banks; the light-house for the chief channel is movable. A gong sounds on the Stanford sand floating-light during fog.

COLUMBIA-SQUARE MARKET.

A DREAM, AND THE INTERPRETATION THEREOF.

"Must it be always thus?" I woke and wept,
For in my dream a horror o'er me crept.
Methought I wandered through a dreary maze
Of alleys foul, and dim and darkened ways,
And all the faces as they passed me by,
Pale men and women, age and infancy,
Hurried along amid a dismal din,
Wearing an aspect dark of care and sin;
While through the doleful night from sunset to sunrise
Rose curses, women's groans, and children's cries.
Again I dreamed, and in my troubled sleep
I heard a voice that whispered, "Cease to weep;
A change is passing o'er this suffering throng;
There shall be light and gladness, prayer and song;
Mark well the vision!" Sudden, as in air,
Arose a princely pile on pillars fair,
And through the open gate and arches wide,
The crowd pressed in from morn to eventide:
And in the pauses of the vision came
Loud benedictions on a woman's name.

But when the dream had ended, all in vain I sought
To bring that gentle name before my waking thought.

At last there came an April morning bright;
 Fair rose the sun, touching the roofs with light.
 Wondering, I stood, within a stately square,
 Rich with carved capitals on pillars fair;
 And, in the midst, the palace and the hall,
 And the wide gateway open now for all!
 I knew the place, and in my heart I knew
 The time had come to prove the vision true—
 Now shall I know her name by whom this change is
 wrought;

"Surely a crowned queen!" I ignorantly thought.

Prince, peer, and prelate, pass along the street.
 The crowds are silent; they are there to greet
 One only: so they care not for the state
 Of those the world deems noble, fair, or great.
 There is a hush, and then a deafening cheer—
 A people's voice! She comes, she comes—she's here!
 No sovereign she, save that she rules by love,
 Drawing her sway from the pure Fount above.
 O, gentle lady, may thy work be blest
 To thousands when thou art thyself at rest!
 And may the name of ANGELA remain
 Watchword of pity in the homes of pain!
 So shall thy memory through the years endure
 Most gracious woman—friend of England's poor!

MY FIRST MONEY.

It was a sixpence! New, clean, and shiny, bearing upon it the image and superscription of our queen: Victoria, D. G. Britanniarum, &c., just like other sixpences, but so white, so glossy, and so well-struck, that no other sixpence on earth could have borne comparison with it.

This was not a fact open to question. I had already classed it among the articles of my belief, when taking the "sixpence" delicately between my fingers I laid it tenderly upon my bed, and then knelt down on the floor in order to have a better view of it. This was my first adoration of Mammon, my first worship of the golden—or, to speak by the card, the silver—calf. I was five years old; the sixpence was four years and a half my junior. Four years and a half! This was a great deal, the advantage of age was manifestly on my side, and this, I suspect, had not a little to do with the semi-patronising glances which, notwithstanding my immense veneration for this idolised sixpence, I occasionally ventured to throw upon it. For I should not, I feel, have gazed thus at an elder sixpence. An octogenarian coin, for instance, would have impressed me with a certain degree of awe. It might have been round the world in the breeches-pocket of Captain Cook, it might have witnessed Trafalgar from the waistcoat of Lord Nelson, it might have passed through the hard fingers of the Iron Duke. A sixpence of that sort could not have been viewed with flippancy. No, it was better to have a young and inexperienced sixpence, a sixpence with all

its troubles before it, like a youthful bear. It and I were more on a footing of equality; there was no need for me to stand upon ceremony with it, and I could freely give vent to my sentiments in its presence without transgressing the laws of propriety. There was no fear of its looking sourly at me, as much as to say, "You little simpleton, it is lamentable for a coin like me to fall into such ill-bred hands as yours. Nor Burke, nor Sheridan, nor Charles James Fox, all of whom I knew most intimately, ever grinned at me as you do; and the young William Pitt (to whom I was introduced by his illustrious father the Earl of Chatham), never laughed at me."

That was the great advantage of a young sixpence, it being so fresh to the ways of society. There was no danger of its having learned its manners from the Prince Regent, or modelled its demeanour upon that of Lord Castlereagh. It could afford to be indulgent if I chuckled too loud, and could make allowances, if in the jubilant pride of possession, I rubbed my hands too ecstatically. Besides, considering the matter from a more material point of view, a young sixpence was larger, brighter, heavier, than an old one; there seemed to be more of it; there were no disgraceful patches of black about it, such as spoke of a sojourn in a dust-bin, in the till of a rag-shop, or in the purse of an economical sweep. The features of the queen upon it were not disfigured by scars, crosses, or knife-marks to prove that its former possessors suspected the honesty of their familiars, and were obliged for prudence sake to mark their coins. It had no unseemly holes bored in it, and no Hebrew had sweated it to the thinness of a bit of tin. It had everything in its favour—beauty, youth, distinction, and novelty. For you must remember it was my *first* sixpence, the first coin upon which I had ever gazed as my own, the first money of which I had ever had the free disposal. True, a few specimens of the currency had occasionally passed through my hands, in the shape of fugitive halfpence; but as my mother had always requested me to put these into the poor-box, I could scarcely be said to have had the full enjoyment of them. Hence this money was indeed my first, and, O Plutus! the gold mines of Peru, made over to me by bond, duly signed and sealed, would have delighted me less than this sixpence.

It was my father who had given it me, and under memorable circumstances. He

had been a long while involved in one of those suits in Chancery, which are the triumphs of our legislation. Seven-and-twenty years had it lasted, but at the end of that time, by a happy dispensation of Providence, he had been so fortunate as to gain his cause. Lawyers, solicitors, and barristers had, however, been to work so merrily that all costs and expenses paid, there was left of the estate which formed the bone of contention, the exact sum of five pounds ten shillings and twopence. Three letters and a consultation from our family solicitor, informing us of this edifying result, swallowed up the five pounds of this total, and the conscientious member of Lincoln's-inn then scrupulously forwarded to us the remaining ten shillings and twopence, merely deducting therefrom six and eightpence, price of the envelope in which the residue was enclosed.

My father hereupon ranged seven sixpences on our breakfast table. "My boy," he said, "see what comes of going to law in Great Britain! Your mother has told you that I have won my suit in chancery?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, then, look! That is all I get of it;" and he pointed grimly at the sixpences.

I opened wide my eyes.

"All that you get of the whole *suit*!"

I echoed, with a puzzled air, firmly convinced that a suit in chancery was composed as other suits are, of a coat, waistcoat, and trousers. "Why, papa, those are only the buttons!"

This deplorable joke had earned me my sixpence. My father had thrown it over to me, laughing, and, like a dog who is pelted with a bone, I had rushed hastily off with it for fear they should think of taking it back again.

SIX...FENCE!

For a time anything like cool reflection was impossible. I was too giddy, too startled, to think. How think, indeed, when one has sixpence! My sixpence was as a moon of which the rays dazed me; my head swam, my fingers tingled, my eyes saw whirling through the air in a fantastic gallop several millions of sixpences, all white, all lately issued from the mint, all bearing upon them, like my sixpence, Victoria, D. G., Britanniarum, &c., with her Majesty's head and the royal arms.

At last, however (and happily, too, for I was a small boy, and unused to these emotions), the intensity of my sensations subsided. I grew more philosophical, and

after a time was enabled to bring upon the subject that was absorbing me, a becoming amount of self-possession. You know, of course, what it was, this subject that was absorbing me? It was the expenditure of my sixpence. Like a Chancellor of the Exchequer with the surplus of a year's budget, I was wondering what I should do with it.

Momentous question! But it needed a refreshing breeze of out-door air to enable me to solve it with coolness. I accordingly rose from my bedside, where I knelt like a Persian worshipping the sun, and having laid my elbows and my sixpence upon the sill of the open window, "*multa corde volutans*," began deeply to meditate.

Now, it may, perhaps, be accepted as a symptom of my great precocity of spirit that I had not been merged above ten minutes in reflection before I had made up my mind upon one capital point, to wit, that there were only three things upon which my sixpence could worthily be expended: a donkey, a gold hunting watch, or a pewter squirt.

The only question to decide was upon which of these three my choice should pitch; and here was the rub. I had an artistical admiration for squirts—pewter squirts especially—which I classed amongst the sublimest contrivances due to the ingenuity of man. Their use as mediums for the conveyance of ink or soapy water upon the passers-by in the street had always struck me as peculiarly practical, and I think, on the whole, my sixpence would have gone to the purchase of one of these astonishing instruments had not a reflection suddenly fallen upon me, and drenched my enthusiasm as under a bucket of cold water. I could not remember ever having seen a grown-up man make use of a squirt! My father, for instance, had, to my certain knowledge, never spent his morning in squirting ink upon the public through the drawing-room window; and I could not recollect ever having heard my uncles advocate this species of pastime. This was important. Yesterday I had been a boy, and could do boyish things; to-day the case was altered, my sixpence had laid upon me the duties of manhood; it was necessary to be cautious and dignified. . . . I discarded the squirt, and two things then remained, the donkey and the gold watch. Once more I began to ponder.

The purchase of a donkey, I reasoned, offered unquestionable inducements. There were, first of all, the advantages of loco-

motion; in the second place, there was the satisfaction of personal vanity, for it was not to be doubted that upon my first appearance in public upon the back of an ass I should become the cynosure of neighbouring eyes, and at once take rank amongst the parish celebrities. This consideration nearly carried my vote by storm; but then, on the other hand, a donkey, I could not but admit, was a less handy possession than a gold hunting watch. The latter would go into one's pocket, whereas the former would not. Indeed it was more than probable that the donkey would need a certain amount of space to move about in, and if so, what was to be done, for we had no stables? Second thoughts bring counsel. I was a sharp boy, and I remembered the staircase. If the difficulty of bringing the donkey up to the third floor could be once overcome, I should be happy to allow him to sleep in my bedroom; there would be ample space for him in the corner close by the wash-hand-stand; and he would be a sociable companion when it rained. There was no fear of his catching a cold or a cough, as he might do if left down-stairs in the yard. Yes; but how about his food? The postchaise of my thoughts, which was at that moment going twenty miles an hour, here stuck of a sudden in a deep rut. I had never thought of the food. I was like the Irishman who had a clock. I had forgotten the works. I could not think of asking my father to board the donkey. The thing would be indelicate after he had generously given me sixpence; and yet from whatever point of view I considered the matter, the donkey, I was compelled to own, must eat. . . . I became miserable. I think I cried. I saw my donkey depart at a gallop, and scamper away into darkness, carrying away with him upon his back my hopes, my illusions, and my dreams of glory.

But after a few seconds my donkey returned as he had departed, at full gallop. The idea had struck me that his maintenance could be effected by an equitable distribution of my daily meals with him. This was the straw to the drowning man. Having decided that my coming donkey should be nourished upon roast mutton and batter pudding, I was about to rush out to effect my purchase when, attracted by a noise below, I thrust my head out of the window and saw a small boy, aged ten, throwing cherries in the air and trying to catch them in his mouth.

At this sight I forgot, for the minute, the donkey, the roast mutton and the batter pudding, and considered the cherries. It was a hot day, and I was thirsty. The cherries rose and fell, but always into the small boy's mouth and never into mine. Like Tantalus with the flow and ebb of waters, I began to find the thing monotonous. If one or two cherries would only have fallen on the ground now and then, the interest would have been enlivened; but no; one, two, three, four, all came down like plummets without deviating an inch from the right course, and each laugh of the small boy (for he was merry) gave me a violent inclination to see his head punched. I don't know what spirit of evil prompted me, but some such spirit inspired me with a baleful desire to substitute for one of the falling cherries, a pebble, a piece of coal, or a bit of soap. My eyes sparkled. The youth had thrown a plump bigaroon rather higher than usual, and stood with his hands extended, his head thrown back, his eyes shut, and his mouth gaping until it should return. The temptation was too strong. I felt frantically around me to find a projectile, and in sweeping my hand over the window-sill caught at something which, without pausing to look, I threw with all my might and main at the small boy. The thing struck him in the eye, and then bounded on the pavement. A shout of triumph escaped me; but at the same instant I burst into a cold sweat and staggered. The boy had stooped to pick up the thing that had hit him, and was holding it in his fingers. "Thank you!" he shouted joyously, and disappeared in the distance.

I had thrown him my sixpence!

A BENGAL MAGISTRATE.

A NATIVE of the soil, yet legal representative of her Majesty Queen Victoria, the magistrate of the Bengal village to which I had the honour of introducing the reader in a previous paper, is a foreshadower of the time when India shall be self-governed. By birth he is the son of a small zemindar, or landowner, an ignorant and downtrodden unit of an ignorant and downtrodden nation; by education he is a member of an exalted community whose interests and influence cover the whole surface of the globe. He commenced his studies at the government academy of his native town, but, having soon mastered all the information he could there acquire, he transferred the scene of his labours, at a still early age, to the Calcutta University. By the interest of an influential native, a friend of his father's, he was offered, at the close of

his educational career, an appointment in the Uncovenanted Civil Service, and, having immediately accepted it, and made his seat therein secure by fulfilling all the behests of the Civil Service examiners, he found himself, at the age of twenty-seven, in the undisputed possession of a snug and pretty bungalow, a salary of nearly five hundred a year, and a district that gave him but little trouble in its management.

In person, he is a man of middle height; his frame, of fair proportions, adds the uprightness and suppleness natural to his fellow-countrymen to the drilled carriage of the Western nations. His complexion is dark, even more so than is generally observable in the people of the country; but his features are well shaped, and his eyes bright and sparkling. His face betokens the kindness of his heart, and his bearing the manliness of his spirit. His conversation bears no trace of his foreign origin.

The court-house or cutcherry, wherein our Bengal magistrate performs the chief part of his public duties, is situated in the same compound as that which surrounds his private bungalow. It is a structure formed of four mud walls, surmounted by a thatched roof, which, projecting for several feet, serves as a verandah for the accommodation of the attendants and suitors of the court, or as a depository for the books and other articles required in the office.

It is eleven o'clock, and the magistrate has just taken his seat; the groups of natives who rose and respectfully salaamed to him as he passed from his house to the court, have once more settled themselves down in various attitudes expressive of pathetic patience. Some are extended at full length on the grass; some sitting under the shade of trees, which, stretching their wide branches over the compound, have long served to shelter alike accuser and accused. Some are squatted on the ground; some, bending down, are balancing themselves in a posture more comfortable than elegant, their elbows resting on their knees; others are standing about, watching the scene with countenances expressive of anything but intelligence; all, whether standing or sitting, whether at rest or in motion, are in an extreme state of excitement and satisfaction. This satisfaction is produced by the conviction that whatever they have come there for, or whether justice or injustice be the object of the whole proceedings, a "tumasha" is a delightful thing, and a commotion of any kind a pleasure to the heart of man. What seduction dwells in that magic word "tumasha" or its equivalent! To a native, dinner would be no consideration, a day's wages but as a feather in the balance, the probable starvation of himself and his family a trifle—nay, I believe, that even the fear of personal punishment would not prevent him from being present at a "sight." And so it is all the world over; the feeling that makes Guyaram Dass run where he sees a number of his countrymen gathered together, is the same that drives us to endure the toil of

pleasure-hunting, or to become one of a much-suffering crowd collected to hear the last new opera-singer.

As I pass across the compound, the silence imposed on the attendant crowds by the appearance of the magistrate has been broken, and the Babel of voices is growing wilder and wilder, until at last the inspector of police attendant at the court, or one of his myrmidons, appears at the door of the cutcherry, and with a few words of full-mouthed authority, followed by some common-place and low-murmured epithets of abuse, lulls the storm of voices for awhile.

The lawyers and court-officials, raising their hands to their faces, bow and make obeisance as I reach the verandah. I stoop under the low portal, and entering the court find myself in a small, ill-ventilated, and worse-lighted, room. The thatch is unconcealed by any attempt at a ceiling, and the walls bear the hue of the virgin earth. At one end of the apartment on a raised platform, stands a table, behind which sits the magistrate. At the foot of the platform, and on either side of it, stand two other tables for the use of the officials; two rows of rails placed at right angles to the bench form separate apartments for the accommodation of the various parties to the suits. The room is crowded with natives, silent and expectant. The magistrate observes my entrance, and beckoning, welcomes me with a smile, and a shake of the hand.

"Don't let me interrupt your proceedings, baboo," I say, as I take a chair by his side.

"You don't disturb me at all," he replies. "I am not very busy to-day. Will you take a glass of wine?"

"Thank you, I am not thirsty; still I shouldn't—" and a half-denial giving a half-consent—for in India one can never refuse an invitation, why I cannot tell, unless the heat produces a laxity in self-control as well as in bodily energy—he immediately orders wine and glasses to be brought over from his house. Refreshed, or otherwise, by the inevitable "peg," which, usually in the shape of "brandy-pawnee," that is, brandy mixed with water, or with some effervescing drink, the magistrate bids me light a cigar, and offering me his case, makes a selection therefrom on his own account. "Og laou!" or "bring fire!" is the immediate cry of obsequious attendants. Everything necessary for our comfort being now provided, I beg him to proceed with his day's work: for I am anxious, I inform him, to witness an Indian trial. He turns to his table and calls for the next case.

This proves to be one sent up by the superintendent of police from charges laid at the police station. Royal Mitter accuses Abdoal Rohaman, a lad twelve years of age, of stealing a quantity of rice, worth one pice, a coin equivalent in value to a farthing and a half. Surely a matter of no great moment, one would think, but the loss appears to weigh heavily upon the spirits of the prosecutor, who, when summoned to give his evidence, states the cir-

cumstances of the case with many piteous lamentations and protestations of injured innocence. The crime, too, to judge from Abdool Rohaman's terror-stricken look and imploring attitude, has awakened terrible remorse, and created dread visions of punishment in the breast of its perpetrator. He, it appears, did in a boyish freak, or to satisfy the cravings of hunger, go to the private grain store of the plaintiff and feloniously extract therefrom a handful of rice, with which, intending to enjoy it at his leisure, he immediately retired into a field hard by the prosecutor's house. His purpose, however, was summarily frustrated by the unexpected appearance of the injured Ruyal Mitter, who, having observed the boy's exit from his house, and his subsequent munchings by the way, had from the premises drawn a conclusion, which induced him first of all to give the lad a sound cuffing and then lead him away to the nearest police station. The police inspector having taken him in charge, deposited him for safe custody in the village lock-up, in which primitive receptacle the unfortunate urchin was confined until the next morning, in company with a lunatic and a party of dacoits, when with other malcontents he was dragged before the magistrate. The result of the trial is an infliction on the culprit of a fine of one anna, of which sum one pice is to be handed over to the public-spirited prosecutor. The poor boy, with evident glee at the unexpected mildness of the sentence, fumbles in the cloth, which, surrounding his waist, is the only covering he wears, and after untying a great many knots, at length arrives at a hoard of small copper pieces, from which, having extracted four pice, he hands the amount to an officer of the court.

The next case wears a more serious aspect; but turns out to be one of the instances in which Bengalees evince their predilection for making a mock at Justice. The plaintiff states that during his absence one night from his home, a cow was stolen from his yard; and he asserts that on his return the missing animal was, with the help of the gomasta, or head man of the village, discovered on the premises of one of his neighbours. But the gomasta has been bribed, and the chokedar, or native watchman, has accepted four annas to bear witness against the defendant, and to state that he himself saw the cow in the defendant's house. The latter, however, when called on for his defence, throwing a perfect light upon the rather obscure evidence of his persecutors, proves the whole case to be a fabrication, and shows that the charge was brought against him from a feeling of revenge, he having declined to part with a piece of land to the prosecutor of which the latter greatly coveted the possession. The case is speedily dismissed, and as the parties leave the court the police inspector says something to the magistrate about prosecuting the plaintiff for bringing a false accusation.

Another chokedar then appears to answer a charge of attempting to extort money from a traveller by threatening to arrest him. The

evidence being conclusive, he is at once sentenced to a fine of four annas (sixpence).

"Nay, sahib!" exclaims the village watchman, a stalwart young man of six-and-twenty, "have pity on me, sahib! I won't do it again!" His feelings here become too much for him, and he weeps bitterly, lifting his clasped hands towards the dispenser of justice. "I can't pay four annas, great king! I shall be ruined! Oh, spare me, mighty lord, spare me!" The magistrate is inexorable, and the constables in attendance hustle the chokedar out of the court, whence he disappears, howling, in a manner dismal to hear, at the dark prospect of being obliged to pay four annas himself instead of extorting that sum from an innocent and inoffensive fellow-countryman.

So, with a constantly repeated exhibition of the smallest and meanest passions of human nature, the morning wears away. At about two o'clock the magistrate, inviting me to join him, leaves the court and goes to his own house, to refresh himself, after the exertions of the morning and his long sitting in the stifling atmosphere of the small and closely-crowded room, with tiffin or lunch. This is served in English fashion, for our magistrate can enjoy his meal and his glass, after the manner of white men, and can even share with them the same dish, as though the Vedas were an unwritten book, and Brahma a divinity of the Greek mythology.

But the virtues of the bench, and the amenities of civilised and social life, are not the only evidences of the superiority of the magistrate to the body of his countrymen; for municipal improvements, local institutions, and public charities, alike bear testimony to his assiduous and fostering care. Therefore, I express a wish to visit them, and to that end he, returning after tiffin to his court, and leaving me to enjoy another cigar, and amuse myself with the books lying on his well-furnished table, brings to a speedy conclusion the proceedings of the day, and, to the great mortification of the litigious Bengalees, and to the personal discomfort of the yet untried prisoners, dismisses his court, and prepares to accompany me.

As we walk along, my companion points out all the improvements he has made, or is making, in and about the village. Culverts, drains, bridges, direction-posts, railings, mended roads, and new footpaths, appearing in every direction, show that even the wilds of Bengal are amenable to civilisation; while lamps, springing up by the side of the principal highways, act at once as a public assurance company, and as a powerful arm of the executive: in the one case by guiding the weary traveller safely to his home: in the other by depriving the dacoit of his cloak of darkness.

Entering the village, we stop at a small house whence issues a monotonous chorus of childish voices. It is the village academy, a private institution presided over by a venerable moonshee, who, to judge from his appearance and that of his surroundings, lays

claim to no great erudition or high position among the learned of the earth. In matters temporal he seems to be on a level with his juvenile scholars, some twenty half naked brats of from four to eight years old, who, seated in a semicircle round him, are taking their first, and apparently most nauseous, sip of the Pierian spring. The schoolmaster rises, and greets his patron with a grateful smile and a respectful obeisance.

"Well, and how are your scholars getting on?" asks the magistrate.

"As well as they can, poor little fellows," replies the dominie, turning with a pleasant smile to his class of little urchins, whose chubby faces immediately reflect their master's good humour.

"Will you let them repeat the alphabet, moonshee? My friend here wishes to hear them."

The schoolmaster turns to his scholars, elongates his face, and, opening his mouth until all his other features seem to disappear in the capacious cavity, eliminates therefrom a loud "ar;" a cry which his young pupils take up with equal gusto, if not with equal impressiveness. So they go through the whole alphabet, chanting in chorus every letter. This method of attaining a knowledge of the elements of learning has been handed down to the present time from the earliest ages of the country.

But the course of instruction pursued at the government school—which, as its name implies, is under the patronage and protection of the Indian Viceroyalty—soars higher. The branches of education taught, or attempted to be taught, are those in common use throughout the academies of England, divinity excepted; but an English child ten years old will show a more appreciative understanding of every subject than any of the students at our government academy. These latter will, indeed, if required, write you out, from memory, a problem of Euclid, or translate you a portion of *Delectus*; but the former production will be a mere hotch-potch of mathematical terms, unconnected by any shade of reasoning, and the latter will be a mass of nonsense, bearing no likeness whatever to the original.

The school-house, which, after leaving the village academy, we next visit, is a long low-roofed building, announcing itself by a large board placed above the coping of the roof, on which are painted the words, "Anglo-Vernacular Academy." It is pleasantly situated in its own grounds, the trees planted in which effectually shut out from the ardent students the disturbing sights and sounds of the work-a-day world. The pupils are a sickly-looking race, wearing on their bodies a great amount of clean white muslin, and on their faces very vacant, curious, or impertinent expressions.

Young Bengal is at best but a sickly, forced plant—a child whose limbs are still cramped with the weight of the chains of ignorance and superstition, which have so recently fallen from them, and whose intellect, having

at length discovered that its old beliefs are mere fables, is still dazed and dizzy with the overwhelming light of new truth. It has a certain precocity and adaptiveness to the state of things introduced by the English, which enables it to bear smoothly and with unruffled temper the yoke to which it has become subjected, and it has, too, a dreamy acquiescence in the new and advanced teachings of its rulers; but the precocity is the forwardness of a rude and inquisitive child, and the adaptability and the acquiescence are the result of a dull, mercury-engendered, opium-nurtured apathy. True progress has scarcely dawned as yet on the Bengalee mind; the sleep of foolish ages has scarcely been wiped from its eyes; but still the mind, though ignorant, is there, and in every urchin of the plains lie the germs of a shrewd and mighty nation.

The magistrate next attends a meeting. It is held in the schoolroom, and its object is to consider the means best to be employed to relieve the distress inflicted by the famine which is ravaging his district. My companion, offering me a seat by his side, takes the place reserved for him at the head of the table, around which are already seated our missionary and our police superintendent, besides many other local authorities and native gentlemen. While waiting for the arrival of still other influential persons, the magistrate exchanges salutations and courtesies with the assembled Europeans and natives. Many of the native gentlemen are arrayed in garments of costly and striking appearance, ornamented with gold and silver, and of exquisite pattern and workmanship; one gentleman has brought two of his little children with him: they are even more exquisitely dressed than their father, and look on at the proceedings with all the wondering gravity of childhood. They are both very pretty; their features are exquisitely shaped; and their large dark eyes, beaming with happiness and excitement, pale the duskiness of their skins, and make them almost fair by comparison. When every one has arrived, the proceedings, which are conducted in Bengalee, are opened by the magistrate, who, in a sensible and suitable speech, invites the attention and advice of his friends in connexion with the subject which has brought them together. A subscription is proposed by another native gentleman (the Europeans present being unable or unwilling to address the meeting) and a subscription-list is soon opened, and with every assurance of success.

Though a married man, the magistrate never appears in society with his wife; she, in accordance with the religion of her forefathers, passes her life in the seclusion of her chamber. His children, however, are being brought up under better auspices; for the magistrate's sons and daughters are being prepared by education and admixture with society, to take a more fitting position in the ranks of their fellow-creatures. Uninfluenced by prejudice, and completely free from the yoke of the

priesthood, which for many years has bound his countrymen, our magistrate has recognised the sphere which woman is fitted to fill, and in the persons of his daughters has bravely determined to restore to them their social rights. Unbigoted by a morbid love of country, he is cosmopolitan in all his ideas and affections, and can recognise in an Englishman a friend and a benefactor; though at the same time, judging all men by the one standard of mental worth, he bows not the knee at the shrine of any man's wealth or lineage. In him, too, an Englishman would perceive not a mere flatterer and place-seeker, but a friend and a companion, full of the same sympathies as himself, and capable of the same emotions.

Perhaps the magistrate is a man you would not have expected to find in such an out-of-the-way place; but as I have described him, so he is; and in him I see a sign, not only of the times, but also of the future, when India's children, educated by our help, shall throw off our yoke and form a government of their own, and when the violence and bloodshed of our conquest shall be expiated by the blessings of civilisation, planted and nurtured by our hands.

TOM BUTLER.

A BOY'S HERO. IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V. THE FUNERAL.

It would be hard upon me to give in detail the incidents of this most delightful of days. I could have gone on thus for a week, now in the back seat, now walking, now running, now inside. I only regretted the absence of Vixen the First, who would have run *under* the carriage the whole way, her red jaws open, and enjoying all far more than I did. The anecdotes and good things I heard were indescribable. But at last, about ten o'clock, when it had grown dusk, and Mr. John's lamps were blazing, throwing out a fierce glare on both sides, like two wicked eyes, the trees began to grow thick, and the plantations to cluster, and the road to grow more like a green lane. Mr. John set about looking round, and breaking into exclamations, "Modye, Modye! well, well!" which I assumed was regret, as certain memorials brought back the memory of the late owner. Here were cottages, and people standing at the doors, and here was a narrow five-barred gate open, through which we turned—the back avenue. We now went along smoothly, plunged into a yet darker avenue cut in a plantation, which wound round and round about, through whose trees we saw sparkling the lights of the house. "Modye, Modye! well, well!" again came from my companion. And now we came up, with a sweep and crunching

of gravel, to a great solid house, burly, strong, and massive, and full of many windows. The door was wide open, and a young man, that seemed to me all black, was coming out.

"Very, very kind of you, Uncle Jack, to come—very!"

The brave Tom was not in the least embarrassed to account for *his* sympathising presence; in fact, did it so well that the black gentleman said it was very good of *him*, and that he felt it exceedingly. I was a little hurt to find that no one seemed to think it good of *me* to come so far; and, though the captain whispered him, and evidently spoke about me, he merely said,

"To be sure, to be sure; quite right."

There was a great hall, with hats on the table, and it seemed to me full of "grand" things; a billiard table, antlers, pictures, and innumerable doors, which led everywhere. "I'll show you your rooms, and then we can have dinner when you like," he said; a speech which still seemed to leave me out. Then we went up a large staircase, they talking in a low voice; "Poor Jenny bears up wonderful," I heard him say, "wonderfully on the whole. But tomorrow morning will be the pull." What pull could he mean? "Aye, aye!" said the captain. "I am an old horse myself, and can't expect to draw for ever." Then he asked "how was Bill," and Bill himself came in; a jolly young man with a very large red beard, his hands in his pockets; and a very limp old servant-man, whose head shook mysteriously, and who, I must say, was the only one who seemed to be really in grief. He was called "Old Dan."

Dinner was in the large dining-room, which, I recollect, had a large folding-screen near the door, all over the most diverting coloured caricatures. The meal began in a rather ghostly manner, though the guests sat down with alacrity, and the brave Tom, who had now got quite on the footing of a private relation, declared he could "eat oats like a horse." After the first course, the conversation grew almost cheerful, without any unpleasant reference to the deceased. As I said, "Old Dan" was the only one who seemed to feel the situation, and the man in the beard apologised for his neglect, saying "that these old fellows really revelled in funerals." I noticed that they spoke with infinite zest and satisfaction "of the way Lord Loveland had behaved," "such a friendly, considerate note," and who was going to post ten miles in the morning to attend the

ceremony. That "stuck-up fellow, Sir John," had just behaved as he always did, neither better nor worse: could not leave town, and all that. Many's the bottle he'd had at this house. Not a word of sending his carriage even. The captain said he always thought he had "the soul of a snipe;" and the brave Tom, who seemed to be now raised into an authority, said it seemed to him "damned low." The man with the beard said *that* was it: he began low and he'd end low. Then, in the same enjoyable way, they talked over "Dobbyn," who had "done everything nicely, capitally, and quietly." No fuss, you know. She, poor thing (and they motioned up to the ceiling), was for having Fulkcs, of London, down, and doing it in the swell, reckless style, bring down his own men, and all that. ("Folly, folly," said the captain.) Ridiculous. Why, Dobbyn, here, has done it just as well, and for half the money. "I can make my own terms with him." Then they spoke of other arrangements. How well the dean had behaved; he had written in the handsomest way (here his letter was duly read out) to-day; "that their little differences were all buried in the grave, and that he would be glad to pay his last tribute of respect by officiating." "To tell you the truth," said our host, rubbing his hands, "nothing could have fallen out more nicely, for, really, to have that low beast of a Busby grunting out the service, would have spoiled everything. It was very, very nice of the dean; it will give quite an air, you know."

"I declare it was," said the captain, "delicate and handsome; and it will read well in the papers; a tip-top fellow like that."

"Indeed," said the other, secretly rubbing his hands under the table, "everything has fallen out in the nicest way."

That night I lay in a vast chamber in a vast bed, with old red chintz curtains, grown quite limp and soft. At one corner I had to raise my voice to address the captain, who was to occupy another vast four-post structure at the other side. He was quite in spirits, for he owned this was one of the best houses for old whisky in the country. I see him now bent over his portmanteau, laying out his brushes and razors for the morning, and talking pleasantly as he did so. "I wonder how it's going with the poor old boy up-stairs?"

Later, when he was getting into bed, he said: "Egad, I'll lose my way here, if I don't take care. Any way, these are roomier quarters than the poor old Buck

has got into now. An' God forgive me. Sure, I ought to be in grief, but by-and-by they'll be coming to measure Uncle Jack. Good night, my boy."

On the next morning I was up early. I heard the rooks, chief mourners, very noisy outside, and stole down. It was a very fine fresh morning, and I was in delight with the nobleness and grandeur of the place. The solid, vast old trees, the rich demesne, the noble openings, the grand old trunks, the sweet air, the general sense of dignity and magnificence—all this was new and even overpowering to me. No one was abroad save these early rooks, who might have known there was a funeral on foot. Then I got round by the back, towards where the gardens lay, with a high brick wall encircling them. The delight of that early walk I did not soon forget.

By the time I returned it was past eight o'clock, and I saw carriages winding up the avenue already; a crowd of peasants and beggars, for whom the day was a sort of festival, were beginning to be grouped about the door. Inside, it seemed to me, people were always going up and down stairs; but what most excited my curiosity and interest, was a florid man, very eager and busy, who was at work in the hall fitting long pieces of crape "on all the gentlemen's hats." The old retainers and Mr. John were equally busy and excited in collecting such of these articles as were absent from rooms upstairs. I noticed the nice anxiety of the florid man that no one should be left out or forgotten, and his evident trouble about two missing ones, which could not "be got, high or low," but now I trace this feeling to a mere natural professional anxiety. He had a box, too, of very clumsily-shaped black gloves, which looked as if they would fit no one, and no doubt did not. But for Mr. John the transformation was amazing. He was everywhere; but he had undertaken with delight the office, with assistance, of course, of fitting on every coachman and footman an almost massive white linen scarf and hat-band, of which grotesque gear a perfect pile lay on the hall table. The general alacrity and air of business was surprising. Every moment a carriage drove up, and, after due setting down of the owner, the ceremony of investiture of driver and footman was proceeded with. The guest, I noticed, always entered with a well-meant effort at solemnity on his face, which was quite thrown away on the audience. Every such arrival Mr. Dobbyn surveyed narrowly, or

rather his hat, doubtful whether he was down on his list for crape or gloves. The dean's shovel he seized on, actually before it was off that dignitary's head.

The host seemed to be always coming down-stairs in a reckless way. Would then go off laterally, and after an interval mysteriously come down-stairs again. There was a vast breakfast going on in the large dining-room, and every one, after their hats had been taken from them, was motioned in by one of Mr. Dobbyn's men. The solemn faces immediately cleared, and I must say such a hearty meal, such tremendous "cutting and coming again," the captain's phrase, such going to the side table, such hewing there, such crackling sounds of the division of bones and joints, I have never heard since. In the midst of which scene we saw the host flitting in now and again, and surveying us all uneasily. The family doctor and the local clergy and others, taking this for a sign of grief, would get rid of their mouthful as hastily as they could, and offer sympathy with a severe wring of the hand, and a "My dear friend" which I heard the host answer in the same mechanical way, with a "Ah, yes!" Then his eye wandered round again: "*Is Lord Loveland in here?*"

At last there was a great slow crunching on the gravel. We all looked up, and we all knew by an instinct that this was the fatal vehicle, which comes to the door of most of us, and gives us a ride in state at least once. From the window we could not see it, but we could note all faces turned in one direction. At the same moment my lord must have driven up, and the sounds of wheels became mingled; for the host was entering eagerly, with a sort of ship's figure-head, whom he held by the hand, to whom he was saying in a low voice, "Really, my lord, so kind, I shall never forget it." Every one, I saw, the country doctors, the clergy, had a sort of instinct to rise up and bow in homage; at least, every one moved on their chairs uneasily, as if that was the first prompting. His lordship would take nothing. Oh dear no, he said, except indeed a little *chasse after* his long ride. "To be sure, to be sure," and he was at once removed to the study, while in a moment the host passed through, leading the way for glasses and a case bottle.

Now the captain, and I, and brave Tom are out in the hall. Every one is looking for their hats, which are hard to find, so disguised are they. Dobbyn full of business

to the last hour, assisting the captain to a dismal cloak without folds, and of a shrunken curtailed simplicity, which hung close to the person. I did not stop then to think over how many despairing hearts and broken spirits, those rusty winding sheets for the living had been wrapped, and how they must have become charged, as it were, with all the agonies of bereavement. The captain, who had real heart and feeling—indeed, when I long after made acquaintance with Sterne's Captain Shandy, I found his correct likeness—always honestly said that he felt to his relations very much as he did to strangers; and that the friends he had made were more tender and kind to him than any blood relations in the world. So I did not think him unfeeling as I looked at him, with wonder, invested in his new uniform, his hat swathed in a cumbrous crape bandage, when he looked down at me, and whispered, with a twinkle in his eye, "Egad! they've made a guy of me at last, eh?" As for the bold Tom, he was hurrying about, a perfect friend of the family, carrying his black bandage, his face composed to an expression of sympathy, whispering now with Mr. Dobbyn, and now consulting with the host.

But now that dismal procession down the stairs, of which I have seen many patterns since, was taking place; which, indeed, then struck me with a sort of chill and awe. I recal distinctly the sort of scuffling and struggle as it came round corners, and the muttered and familiar directions of the overburdened men. Then every one was serious and impressed, and the women of the household, whom Mr. Dobbyn had taken care to encase in perfect mainsails of linen, began to weep and sob. Then came the mourning coaches, and the captain was seized on, borne off by Dobbyn, and shut in with three other gentlemen in a sort of jet-black cell. The brave Tom I really think secured a place in the second mourning coach. I know I saw him giving directions, his crape fluttering and tossing like a weeping willow, and the last thing I heard him say to the host was, "We can put Mr. Auchmuty in *our* chariot," a proposal received with a tumult of gratitude. Though considering I was next heir male to the green chariot, I might have been a little piqued at this disposal of the chattel, especially as I was rather curtly told I must stay behind. This was of course well meant. But, indeed, all through this momentous business I was quite passed over, almost contemptuously. However, I saw the procession wind off,

and for long after saw it far away, winding snake-like among the far-off trees, the great six-horse wain leading and nodding gloomily, Dobbyn's white linen flashing out grotesquely, as though the drivers were all jackdaws. The rooks made a prodigious commotion among themselves, and seemed to know that something mortuary and congenial was up, as indeed, the old servants about the place took pains to remark with much shaking of the head.

That was a curious morning for me. The house seemed to be deserted, every one having gone off. But they all came back very soon in a sort of rabble rout, pell-mell, and anyhow. Every one seemed eager to be off, and I noted there seemed to be a great weight off the host's mind. The chariot then came round, but we had not nearly so pleasant a journey back.

VI. TOM'S FINALE.

AFTER this Tom Butler became more and more regarded by the family. He was worth a dozen, said the captain, "of those fashionable skipjacks, who wouldn't just crook their little finger to save you from starving. A dozen—a thousand I should say." He was always doing some good-natured and useful service for the ladies. And he always contrived to succeed, not being one of those who came back, as the captain said again, "with their finger in their mouth." He was so amusing and such good company. At the same time stories would come to the family of strange acts of wildness, debts, bills, and what was known generally as "scrapes." These he would unfold at private interviews, from which I was summarily ordered out. They lasted for hours, and he submitted to being gravely lectured, and went away very grateful and quiet. At our more public table he was less reserved, and used to dwell loudly on "that tyrant Baker," "that Jack of a major, as miserable a little cur as ever put on uniform." He was again gently reprov'd and remonstrated with, yet in a sort of good-humoured toleration, as though the right were still on his side. He should restrain himself, it was for his interest, &c. But if we only knew what "a beast" that Baker was, what a low, overbearing, mean cub, that officers and men both hated, the very horses would have a kick at him if he gave them a chance. And who was he, after all, to be taking airs over gentlemen? Why, would we believe it, his father is an oil and pickle

fellow in the city, sells over the very counter! A nice chap to be set over gentlemen! The colonel *is* a gentleman, but *he* is nothing but a shopman. I doubt if these doctrines would be approved of coming from any other lips.

One day, however, comes the noble Tom with a proposal of the most startling and even dazzling nature. I must come and dine with him: see what the mess was like. This extraordinary proposal seemed really absurd, as wild and daring as going off to Australia in a clipper ship, and coming from another would have convulsed the house; but the brave Tom had the art of importing an air of easy feasibility to all his schemes. The gallant fellow could do what he liked. He would take care of me, send me home in a cab with his orderly sergeant, or come himself. There was but faint opposition. It was time, indeed, that the boy should begin to see something of men, it would rub him up a bit, and show him life. I had no objection, it may be well conceived. A sumptuous banquet, that involved rare wines and dishes, was what had not yet entered into the economy of my life. I had read of such things in the Scriptures, and in Roman history. The high-spirited Tom said that the enjoyment of the evening would be more unshackled, as "the oil and pickle fellow" would be away. "Gone to the shop," he supposed, and he was to be senior officer of the evening.

It was an exciting day. Dinner, habitually for me at five, was on this occasion at eight. Dressing, as usual, was a laborious and even painful operation, but I bore those vestimentary tortures cheerfully. The hour at last arrived, and, carefully admonished to keep a guard over myself as though all my eternal interests were at stake, as though I was habitually given to excess both in eating and drinking, and could not be trusted in sight of those dangerous seductions without falling, I was driven away in a cab.

Not without awe and nervousness did we turn into the archway of the barrack. It was the first time, also, I had been sent into the world, as the high-spirited Tom would say, "on my own hook." That hook I felt gradually bending away out of all shape under me, or in me. The soldier at the gate rose on his toes, looked in at me a little suspiciously, and said something to the cabman. The row of lights in the mess-room windows quite awed me, so did the lounging soldiers at the door. But the noble and gallant Tom, with careful forethought, was there to receive me, and led

me in through the ranks of glittering warriors, though up a rather dirty stone staircase, which did not correspond. "I made a mistake," he whispered, as we went up, his arm on my shoulder. "That pickle fellow is actually senior officer to-night, and the colonel is away. What a swell we are! 'Pon my word, a blue and silver waistcoat!" A kind compliment that almost made me blush.

Tom was in a loose open "shell jacket" that seemed the perfection of elegant ease and comfort. A number of officers, very noisy, were standing round, also in loose shell jackets; and by putting their hands deep in their pockets and throwing their jackets far back off their shoulders, they also seemed to convey the perfection of elegant ease. They were of all sizes, some, tall stout men with rusty moustaches; others, little round chubby men, while some seemed only two or three years older than I was. One, however, stood by himself, his back to the fire and one hand behind his back. He was reading a letter. A bald-headed, bloodless, pinch-lipped person, without any moustache. He looked, indeed, as the brave Tom said, as if he had turned all the blood he had into anchovy sauce for the shop, and a poor condiment it would make.

Tom led me in, and actually brought me up to this stiff being.

"Major Baker," he said boldly, "this is my friend and guest." The other read on, turned over the page, finished the sentence, and then looked up.

"What! this lad?"

"Why not?" said Tom, reddening; "we were once such a thing as a lad ourselves."

"You won't find me denying that, Captain Butler; though some people behave as lads all their lives."

Tom was going to reply, when some of the officers came round, and the burly one, whose chest stuck very much out of his jacket, stooped down and spoke to me, and asked, "was I going to be a soldier? I answered readily, no: that, unfortunately, it had been resolved I should go to the bar when I came to the proper age to be called. That it had been my own wish to follow their profession, but that it seemed wiser on the whole to choose the bar, owing to the chances of becoming Lord High Chancellor, or Judge, or Attorney-General. At this they said, "O, indeed," and seemed greatly interested. Seeing this, I would have enlarged much more on this subject, only some one announced dinner in a soft voice, and we all moved in.

Such a scene of splendour! such gold and silver, glass and flowers! I sat next to the noble Tom ("You are my guest, you know"), and close to the grim oil and pickle major. Tom explained everything to me. The four golden soldiers carrying a casket on their heads in the centre, was a "trophy" presented by a late colonel.

"Poor Stapleton," said Tom, raising his voice, and speaking across to Griffin, "as fine a fellow as ever stepped, and a true gentleman, who, let me tell you, are getting uncommon scarce. We didn't care for his bit of plate, though it cost him a thousand pounds; we missed his good nature and gentlemanly heart."

There was great adhesion to this sentiment, the stout man saying shortly, "devilish good fellow, Stapleton." Tom then pointed me out the Silver Tower, which the regiment had bought in India, and paid five hundred pounds for. An exquisite bit of native workmanship.

"An exquisite bit of useless extravagance," said the major, austere; "recollect I opposed it at the time. We haven't money to throw away on such gewgaws."

"Yes; you opposed it," said Tom, tossing off champagne. "I'll bear you out in that, Major Baker, you do *that* always."

"I said at the time," went on the major, coldly, "when you have got it you won't know what to do with it. And I was right; you, Captain Butler, were the main author of the scheme, and forced it on, and to this hour you can't tell what use it could be turned to."

"I think," the stout Griffin said, "it would be a very neat thing for Yorkshire pie in the morning at breakfast."

"Only the good bits would get all stuck in the towers. You're a precious one."

"No," said the major, coldly, "not half so much so as the original promoter of the scheme. Making it a dish for a pie is better than planning what could be of use to no mortal born."

The brave Tom Butler's cheeks were flaming, and, in a steady voice, he said, slowly, "I tell you what I think we could make of it—a handsome cruet-stand, with compartments for the pepper and pickles, and mustard and anchovies. It's the very thing."

Even I understood. There was a silence for a moment, but the good-natured fat man struck in, and changed the subject.

"The pleasure of a glass of champagne with you, Mr. Fitz-Carter," he said, bowing to me. I bowed to him in return. A

waiter flew with a glorified bottle, and allowed the ambrosial liquor to flow into my open-mouthed goblet. It was nectar, indeed. It was the first time, too, I had tasted it. Tom Butler and the major were looking at each other steadily. In a moment Tom whispered to me:

"I had him there, my friend; I think that shot holed him, went through him, shivered him like a bottle of Harvey's sauce. Well, I hope you are enjoying your dinner. I am getting into spirits again. Come, have a glass of champagne with me. These mess waiters, you know, are all soldiers; you see they have got moustaches, and that makes 'em so smart. That's my fellow, Bob, that filled your glass. Bob's worth his weight in gold, and would die for me. Old Baker, there, any one of the regiment would just shoot for sixpence."

This terrible state of things quite scared me, not merely the general tone of mind as to the projected assassination, but the small sum for which it was proposed to be executed. He told me many other details about this new world, which both amazed and delighted me. This narrative he punctuated, as it were, with many a glass, and rose every moment in spirits. He, however, owing to a promise he had made elsewhere, checked me after my second glass.

"My dear boy," he said, "just at first, you know. When you have made your head, then it will be all right."

After dinner we adjourned to the ante-room, where smoking and card-playing set in. Some of the stout men were really most good-natured to me, and seemed so anxious to know all about me, and listened so attentively, that I felt I could do no less than be as communicative as I could. So I told them all about myself, and who my tutor was, and what I was learning; and also the history of my first acquaintance abroad with Tom, and of his licking the Frenchman, of which glorious day I found the brave and modest fellow had never told them a word. I began at the beginning, and went on to the end. They were delighted and laughed, and the fat man hit his thigh, and said:

"It was Tom all over."

Alas! it was more like to be all over with Tom! For at that moment, as the words were spoken, up started from the end of the room two figures, and two loud and angry voices broke out. And there was one flaming face defying a very pale one.

"Go to your room, sir! I have you now, and will see what a court-martial will say to this."

"I don't care," said Tom, furiously. "I tell it to your face again. You are a tyrant, and the worst tyrant the men ever had."

"Hush, hush, Butler! you don't know what you are talking about," interposed good-natured voices.

"Yes, I do," said the undaunted Tom, making a frantic speech; "and I am glad it has come to this at last. Let us have a court-martial by all means, and see what that will bring out. Others can be tried by it too. Officers and gentlemen, indeed! What a mockery! Unless you are a gentleman you can't understand the acts of gentlemen."

"Go to your room at once," said the major—he seemed awful to me—"or shall I send for the guard?"

As Tom went down with me to the cab he was tremendously excited. "I am glad of it," he repeated very often, "that it has come to this. It must have come to it. I insulted him as hard as I could, and I am glad of it. It has been coming to it for a long, long time. But the ruffian has such influence, and I am so unlucky. You tell them at home I'll come and see them and tell 'em about it, if I can get out at all; on bail, or any way. God bless you, old fellow. You behaved like a trump, and Griffin says you were more amusing than many a grown-up man."

Within a fortnight Tom Butler was tried by court-martial, and within three weeks was sentenced to be dismissed the army, but, through "desperate interest," was allowed to sell his commission. He paid us a dismal visit. He was going to Australia, "a disgraced man," where, too, he never "did," and ended a stormy life very soon, and in a stormy way. But before he died he learned by an English paper that what he had prophesied for the oil and pickle Major Baker had actually come true, for that cold-blooded officer was one morning shot, when standing at his window at Colchester, by a brooding private soldier whom he had treated unjustly.

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Qualities to be OBTAINED in a Sewing Machine.

1. Beauty and excellence of stitch alike upon both sides of the fabric sewed.
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11. Silence of operation.

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2. A machine with a handsome exterior, but cheaply-made running parts.
3. One that makes a single thread chain-stitch, under whatever name the stitch may be called. All machines working with one thread make this stitch.
4. One that makes a stitch liable to ravel, wash out, or wear off in the laundry.
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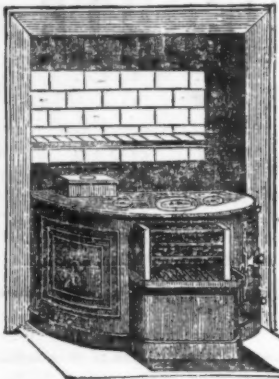
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